

## But I Love Him by izzlemynizzle

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Derry (Stephen King), Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Fluff and Smut, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, Love Confessions, Love Poems, M/M, Reddie, Richie Tozier Flirts, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Romance, Sassy Eddie Kaspbrak, Soft Eddie Kaspbrak, Soft Richie Tozier, Summer, Teenagers, climax

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Frank Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Sonia Kaspbrak, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-12-03

**Updated:** 2019-12-03

**Packaged:** 2019-12-18 04:03:09

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,381

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Eddie and Richie spend one of their many sneaky summer nights together back to back flirting and playing leading them to the hazy realization that there might be something more between them.

## But I Love Him

### Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie and Richie spend one of their many sneaky summer nights together back to back flirting and playing leading them to the hazy realization that there might be something more between them.

" Nothing lasts forever, except maybe love." That statement always stayed in Richie's mind. It echoed in him every time he feared he'd lose Eddie Kaspbrak. Ben Hanscom is the one who said that to Richie. He said it when Richie needed it most. One night a year back to be exact, Richie, Eddie, Ben and Beverly were catching craw-dads in a muddy creek near the kissing bridge. They still had fun like little kids. Presumably they were- they were late teenagers, and who really decides when you grow up. The time passed them by too fast, the sun faded faster than they had realized.. It had passed Eddie's curfew, which of course led to his overbearing mother shoving him into her tan 1983 Cadillac Cimarron. Sonia Kaspbrak threatened to never let them see Eddie again. And this wasn't the first time- But something about it really sliced Richie in the heart. He didn't get to see Eddie for a week after that....

It was practically routine for Eddie to sneak out to see Richie during the night, or in more common cases, Richie sneaking in and out of Eddie's window.

" *Fuck- it's your turn next time. If I keep climbing through your rusty ass window I'm gunna end up with tetanus!*" Eddie hissed at Richie while he dusted his arms and knees off.

" *aw eds- you're okay..* " Richie tried to help dust the no longer existing 'rust' off Eddie but he playfully smacked Richie's hands away.

"**So....** " Richie lingered on and smirked a little at the small, frisky boy.

" **So... What?!?** " Eddie sounded impatiently at Richie while a playful

smirk tugged at his pink lips and a furrowed brow raised alongside.

" *How did you escape the warden ?* " Richie mocked Eddie in the usual playful tone.

" *well, she fell asleep watching her soaps- and she shoveled some melatonin in her mouth before that around 7.... we've got plenty of time, Rich.* "

Richie enjoyed the reassurance while they both simultaneously kick their shoes off and hopped onto Richie's squeaky, full sized bed that was sheeted by a baby blue and yellow quilt that Richie's mother Maggie made when she was pregnant with him. Eddie often teased him about it but always tried to make it better by saying Mrs. Tozier was " *Quite the quiltist.*" Which lead to Richie mocking him about how 'Quiltist ' wasn't even a word but it was always followed by Eddie blaming it on hanging out with Richie and catching his doofus syndrome.

Richie and Eddie had often been locking the bedroom door for a reason they never felt they needed to reflect on. They would lie on the bed and read comics and talk. This was very exciting for the both of them, it was unpredictable and the feeling of wonder and ecstasy poured on top of their damp sweet summer skin. It continued by fingers intertwining, tips of noses touching, very drug out silence, and feet wiggling and fidgeting on top of each other.

" *Ed's ?..* " Richie started as he gulped in a sort of anxious attire.

" *y-yeah..?* Eddie looked up at Richie with his brown domes as his eyelashes fluttered with anxiety, the unpredictability in Richie's speech made him ponder everything he had ever done.

But Richie really didn't know how to finish. He sorta just sat there looking into Eddie Kaspbrak's eyes with stammering speech that mimicked the way Sonia Kaspbrak pounded on Richie's front door when Eddie stayed over too long.

" *Rich?- everything okay?* " " *mhm- I just- forgot what I was going to say-* " Richie laughed nervously looking down realizing how clammy his hands had become. When your hands are laced with

another's whom you've felt a special way about for years sweat kind of pours out of you unattractively.

Later that night Richie woke up in a puddle of sweat, body connected and pretzeld with Eddie's. Eddie was in a deep, angelic sleep with his head on Richie's chest. Richie's heart pounded fast admiring how the sweat had caused Eddie's hair to create little brown curls that stuck to his bright crimson cheeks, and how his spidery, black eyelashes laid sprawled out on Eddie's under eyes. Richie was still a sloppy, tired mess but Jesus Christ- he could hardly help himself, and for reasons unknown he sat up and put one hand softly on Eddie's head that had now fallen lightly on on Richie's legs. Richie allowed himself to feel Eddie's soft, vanilla smelling hair. He engulfed himself in Eddie's existence and before he could think to do anything else, Eddie eyes flashed open, realizing where he was, what was happening and who was doing it to him. Eddie didn't give himself anytime to sneakily enjoy it. Fear got to Eddie faster causing his head to jolt to the side looking up at Richie, his eyes widened and full of anxiety

" ***What- what are you doing??*** " Eddie announced as he sat up swallowing his spit and staring at Richie.

" ***Uh- I... There was a spider in your hair-*** "

Eddie sat there with slightly pouted lips and his arms crossed, he then glanced at the clock seeing how late it was. His heart jolted downward and plummeted in his stomach.

" ***RICHIE ITS 12 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING- WHAT HAPPENED-HOW OH MY GOD -*** "

Eddie flung himself off the bed and jammed his blue sneakers on, tugging his tube socks up.

" ***YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE ME HOME NOW OR I'M GOING TO BE ON HOUSE ARREST FOR THE ENTIRE FUCKING SUMMER*** "

Richie hated seeing Eddie distressed, even though Eddie worried frequently Richie knew he was not being irrational about the

situation. Richie felt pins stabbing all over his heart scared that Sonia would forbid their friendship. " nothing lasts forever except maybe love ." He hurried and put on his black, beat up converse chucks and tossed Eddie his sweater. They climbed out of the window and started walking until they reached Eddie's block.

The whole walk there lingered like an intro to an MTV music video, and an agonizing question of how they felt about each other rang through their sleepy, frizzy headed minds all through the dewy night in Derry Maine. Quite frankly they really did not know how to interpreter it all. The idea of two boys being in love was a controversial concept. They didn't know what to think. They only felt. Especially on nights like this one where a sudden burst of question was brought upon them of their actions.

*Why did they hold hands often.*

*Why did they sleep in the same bed at slumber parties.*

*Why did they hang out at the clubhouse when the other losers weren't there or even invited.*

*And why did Richie lay awake at night staring at his ceiling seeing flashing pictures of Eddie and every cute thing he does.*

**" Rich? We're here- "**

Just like that, Richies' rabid thought bubble popped into a million different pieces from Eddies soft nighttime tone.

**" Oh shit sorry- well, is she awake???? "**

**" No- Thankfuck... "**

**" Oh-good .... Fuck. "**

Richie sighed in relief but then his face went blank and quiet. ' *It's kind of rare to hear Richie shut the fuck up for once* ' Eddie thought to himself. he was worried.

Silence rung their ears loud enough to cause a headache. It was unbearable!

They stood there staring at each other. Eddies eyes gleamed in the moonlight and tore apart every stable part of Richie that he had left.

**" *What's on your mind Rich ?* "**

**" *Just feeling tired... and fucking disoriented- and I had a weird dream- And I was stressed about your mom and-* "**

Eddie cut off Richies babbling sermon of bullshit by walking in and wrapping his arms around Richie's lanky but definitely more filled out torso. He buried his face into Richies T-shirt and took in the way he smelled.

**" *Thanks for walking me home Richie-* "** Eddie pulled away with a smile, creating the perfect environment to spark Richie's adorable stupidity. Richie smirked and bowed down to Eddie promoting a perky and silly curtsy out of him because *They just got each other like that.*

**" *Well of course ma lady-* "** They giggled together and Richie even earned a playful and snarky eyeroll from Eddie. And that's how he knew everything was still normal.

And that's how he knew he'd be alright.